To conquer the kingdome,
Then to ſpeake ſo much more French.
Kate. A your Maieſty
Has falſe France enough, to deceiue
De beſt Lady in France.
Harry. No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Doſt thou loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your Cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me:
But I pray thee ſweet Kate, vſe me mercifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye Kate, is ſure:
But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.
What wench.
A ſtraight backe will grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollow,
A great legge will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate proue bald:
But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a ſouldier, take a ſouldier,
Take a king:
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe de king my Father.
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him,
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him Kate,
And vpon that condition Kate ile kiſſe thee.
Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fauor,

Harry. What ſayes ſ
Lady. Dat it is not de
For de maides, befor da
May foy ie oblye, what
Har. To kiſſe, to kiſſ
O that tis not the faſhio
For the maids to kiſſe be
Lady. Owye ſee votr
Har. Well, weel bre
Therefore Kate patienc
Before God Kate you h
In your kiſſes:
And may perſwade wit
Then all the French Co
Your father is returned.

Enter the Kings
Lor

How now my Lords?
Fran. Brother of Engl
We haue ordered the A
And haue agreed to all t
Exe. Onely he hath n
Where your Maieſty de
That the King of France
To write for matter of g
Shall name your Highne
And with this addition
Noſtre treſher filz, Henry
E heare de France. And th
Preclariſſimus filius noſte
Et heres Franciæ.
Fran. Nor this haue
But you faire brother m

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG